

# The Mirror

OF

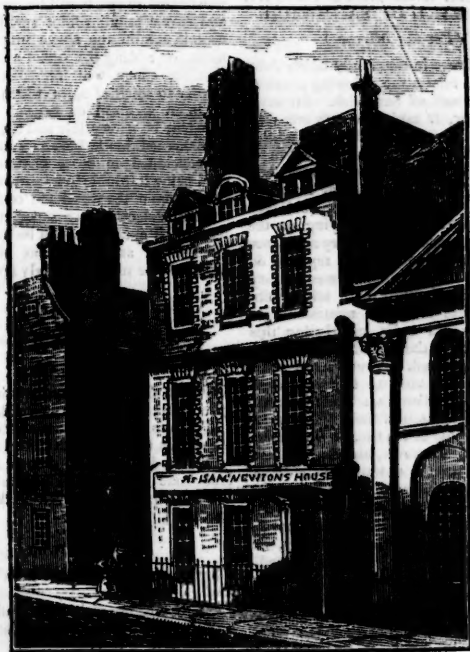
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLX.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Sir Isaac Newton's House.



If there is anything to be regretted in the modern improvements of the British metropolis, it is in the destruction of those places with which some of our most pleasing recollections are associated. Many a spot in London, once the residence of the good and great of the olden time, is now very differently occupied. A few of these, however, remain, and amongst them, the residence of the greatest of philosophers, and one of the best of men, Sir Isaac Newton, of whose house we present an engraving. This house is situated in St. Martin's Street, the south side of Leicester Square, and was long occupied as an hotel for foreigners; and kept by Mr. Pagliano, though it is now more ap-

propriately used for the purpose of education.

About the year 1814, Mr. Pagliano left this house, when the committee of the Sunday school belonging to the chapel adjoining took it, for the purpose of converting it into school-rooms for boys and girls, for which purpose it is still used.

The observatory, which is at the top, and where Sir Isaac Newton made his astronomical observations, had lain dormant, and been in a dilapidated state for some years, when, in 1824, two gentlemen, belonging to the committee of the school, had it repaired at their own expense, and wrote a brief memoir of the great and immortal Newton, which was

put up in the observatory, with a portrait of him.—The chair in which Newton studied was lost in the removal of the hotel to Leicester square.—The observatory is now used as a library for the use of the teacher of the Sunday school, and lectures have occasionally been given in it.

### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL OF SANDWICH.

(For the Mirror.)

AN old servant in the family of Sir John St. Aubin, relates the following anecdote of the late earl of Sandwich. He says, when a boy, in taking a walk one day, he observed a pony bridled and saddled coming full speed towards him, which he succeeded in stopping, and immediately returned with it in search of its rider: he had not returned far when he observed a little boy nearly senseless lying on the ground, he rendered him every assistance necessary and soon got him replaced on the saddle, the little fellow seemed very grateful, and thanked him, telling him if at a future period he requested a favour and would write, mentioning this circumstance to the earl of Sandwich, it should be granted. A number of years intervened, and nothing happened until the next generation that made it necessary to avail himself of the circumstance, being the whole of the time in the service of Sir John. However, his son, who had served his time to a watch and chronometer maker, being out of his time, and an excellent situation being vacant at the Chronometer Station at Fettes, recollecting the circumstances of the pony, he immediately wrote to the earl of Sandwich in his son's behalf, but with very little hopes of success, it being such a considerable time since, and both being boys at the time of the promise: however, the following laconic answer from the earl was shortly after received:—"Your son is appointed." The situation he has now filled several years, and gives general satisfaction.

I am, Sir, yours,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

### AN EASY METHOD OF DETECTING SALT IN SUGAR.

SEVERAL adulterations in the article of sugar having lately been exposed, the public should be aware of an easy mode of detecting such sophistication; and I know of no readier method to apprise it, than through the medium of the widely circulated MIRROR.

I beg therefore to point out a test, by means of which salt may be detected in sugar, even when in the minute proportion of a *hundredth* part.

Put any quantity of the suspected article into a gallipot or wine glass, and drop into it a small quantity of strong oil of vitriol, sufficient to moisten it well, stirring them together with a glass rod or tobacco pipe: if it be a genuine unsophisticated sugar, it will be turned black, and have a peculiar faint smell, but if it contain salt in the above proportion, or more, on adding the vitriol a strong suffocating odour will immediately arise, similar to spirit of salt; which in fact it is, in an aeriform or gaseous state. If no odour be perceptible and the article be perfectly soluble in boiling water, it may be concluded to be a genuine sugar: sand being insoluble in water would fall to the bottom of the vessel and consequently be easily detected. As a satisfactory proof, let a small quantity of salt be mixed with some sugar and treated as above; the effect will be most strikingly apparent.

CLAVIS.

### SYMPTOMS.

#### OF VANITY.

To place £100. at a banker's in order to give a check, sometimes for £2.

To go to Calais, return next day, and afterwards talk of a continental tour.

To go into a coffee-house, ask in a loud tone if the Champagne be good, and in a low voice order a bottle of soda water.

#### OF FORESIGHT.

To give up a debt of £100. in order to avoid a law-suit.

To dine before visiting an author.

To burn a MS. in lieu of placing it in the hands of a bookseller.

#### OF ECCENTRICITY.

To pay 10s. for a bottle of Port, at ———'s hotel.

To eat beef at Paris, and omlets in London.

#### OF SIMPLICITY.

To speculate on the Stock Exchange in virtue of intelligence in the newspapers.

To purchase Spanish Bonds at 95 per cent. loss.

To inquire for a recent work at a circulating library.

To regard all officers as gallant, and all lawyers as learned: all actors as artists, and all writers as literary men.

## My Note Book.

No. II.

\* A thing of shreds and patches.\*

## THE TRIP TO MARGATE, &amp;c.

(Continued from page 187.)

THE sheltered retreat alluded to in my last, which we encountered in our route to St. Peter's, is called *The Shallows*; a spot interesting to my companion, who had there passed many a rational and pleasant hour in the society of endeared friends, now, alas!

"—or stumbering on Earth's bosom cold,  
Orcattered wide on Life's tempestuous shores:—"  
and while thought, brooding over the past, idealized the gay vision, emotion would not be repressed—nor is it indeed desirable on such occasions that it should. Language but poorly expresses intensity of feeling, and would need a more eloquent pen than mine to convey its imagery; but truly might he have exclaimed, in the words of the highly-gifted Bowring—

\* Ah! those were blissful moments: yet  
I revel in their memory,  
And present cares and fears forget  
In their departed ecstasy.

To me it whispered joy and love—  
Of hope and peace a blended sound;  
Heaven's azure arch was spread above,  
And laughing nature all around.

Yes! they are fled—those hours are fled!  
Yet their sweet memories smiling come,  
Like spirits of the hallowed dead,  
And linger round their earlier home.

Bapt in the thought, my passions seem  
To drink the exhausted cup of bliss;  
And, do I dream?—Was ever dream  
So bright—so beautiful as this?

The dreams which early life has stored—  
Hope's sunny summer hours are o'er;  
And my lone bark at last is moored  
On sullen Reason's rocky shore.

I tread my melancholy road,  
No more by vain delusions driven,  
Hold solemn converse with my God,  
And track my onward way to heaven!

Why should I murmur?—O'er this scene,  
The night descend and thunders roll,  
Man may create a heaven within—  
In the still temple of the soul.\*

Such, I would fain imagine to have been the train of thoughts that followed up my valued friend's early recollections, for to that purport did his observations tend.

Our walk *hitherward* had been delightful; the day was beautifully clear, and a refreshing breeze floating over the cliffs from the sea, tempered the sun's rays so agreeably, as to prevent the lassitude

usually attendant on an exposed track at this season of the year—at the same time diffusing the aromatic fragrance of the blooming clover, its delicate hue peeping from emerald tint in great luxuriance, and adding materially to the beauty and enjoyment of our stroll. After perambulating its garden, and admiring its neatness, we seated ourselves in one of its embowered arbours; and whilst partaking of some refreshment my companion, as I have already observed, pleasantly beguiled the passing hour with reminiscences of times which have everlastingly departed except from memory. Those only who have similarly indulged can truly appreciate the luxury of feelings thus powerfully excited; and painful though they may be to the heart, their influence is salutary to the understanding, for they tend to detach it from the pernicious influence of terrestrial excitements and gratifications, by directing it to a channel of profitable reflection, calculated to chasten and subdue all unruly and irregular impulses.

It would be an unpardonable oversight to quit *The Shallows* without eulogizing our rustic hostess's excellent cake and new milk, of which we partook with real enjoyment. I believe she furnishes little else than such humble fare: the description of entertainment she professes to furnish is, simply that required by domestic tea parties; and any accession of enjoyment beyond those simple auxiliaries, is dependent on the temperament and disposition of her *visitants*. It may readily be inferred from this circumstance, that *they* are by no means numerous; for in society, the majority are *dependants* on amusement, instead of feeling a pleasure in conferring it; and to this portion, there is no want of attraction elsewhere better calculated to afford it.

Proceeding onward, we soon reached the grave-yard of that venerable fane, St. Peter's, where by prescriptive right we loitered away another half hour, in "moralizing o'er the dead." The inscriptions, as a matter of course first attracted our attention—one of them, a brief memorial of the indiscriminate rapacity of our relentless enemy, is a memento of no ordinary character, and well deserves a place in *The Mirror*; it runs thus—

"An angel form, for earth too pure, too bright,  
Glanced in sweet vision o'er parental sight,  
Then fled.—This holy hope to faith is given,  
To find that vision realized in heaven."

Perhaps no surer test of truly Christian feeling and elevation of character can be instanced, than in the calm relinquishment of a sole and tender pledge of conjugal felicity to the will of our Heavenly

Father, its untainted innocence softens the calamity, and teaches the heart to aspire to "a habitation not made with hands," where destiny may speedily effect a reunion of endless duration, impressing upon it the necessity of a virtuous life for the accomplishment of this momentous object, for "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

Time, we found, had escaped us so insensibly, as to indicate the propriety of our return homewards; but our admiration of this pleasing village was too strongly excited to be satisfied with such a transitory visit, and our departure was therefore accompanied with the resolve that we would speedily gratify our curiosity more satisfactorily.

(To be continued.)

### ON CRUELTY.

(For the Mirror.)

HUMANITY is a virtue so strongly implanted in our nature, that every violation of its benevolent precepts is derogatory to the character of *man*. The whole black catalogue of crime exhibits no atrocity greater than cruelty; for there is scarcely any injustice which may not be traced to this as its parent source. Most other offences may plead some inducement, some darling passion, by way of mitigation; but cruelty admits of no such palliation, since it arises from a bad heart alone, and bespeaks a depravity of disposition that is prepared for every other enormity. The breast that cherishes it, while utterly apathetic to the charms of pity, knows not the sweet reflections which result from conscious benevolence, nor reflects that, as *Cowper* sings

"Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule  
By which Heaven acts in pard'ning guilty man;  
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
Shall seek it, and not find it in his turn."

Cruelty, moreover, acts in opposition to the will of the great Author of being; for, by inflicting pain on even the meanest of his creatures, we embitter that existence which He graciously bestowed for enjoyment. A celebrated writer observes, that "habits of tenderness towards the brute creation, naturally beget similar feelings towards our fellow-creatures;" and we may take it as an invariable rule, that any one who feels gratified it torturing the former, is merely restrained by the dread of exposure and punishment from exercising his cruelty upon the latter:

"A man of feeling to his beast is kind;  
But brutal actions mark a brutal mind."

The most admired authors, both ancient and modern, abound in precepts enjoining the duty of humanity, and severely reproving a disposition to cruelty. It is certain that education greatly inspires the mind with sentiments of good feeling, by refining the taste, harmonising the milder passions, and restraining the bad ones: the truth of Ovid's moral dictum must indeed be forcibly admitted, that

"Ingenus didicisse fideliter artes,  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus."

(To have accurately learned the liberal sciences, polishes our manners, nor permits us to be brutal). Hence, it is highly incumbent upon parents and preceptors, to check any disposition to cruelty in their youthful charge. Such inclinations are but too often displayed, and cannot certainly be too seasonably restrained; for vice is extremely rapid in her march, and trifling offences, by "growing with our growth," are gradually ripened into matured and hardened villany.

I have been led to these remarks from a consideration of several brutal exhibitions which are of late become too common. Among others, a Frenchman has recently shown some revolting trials upon dogs, under a plea of scientific improvements. That in an age which boasts of its refinement, men of rank and fortune can so far forget their dignity, as not only to witness, but even to promote pugilistic combats, badger-baits, *lion-fights*, &c. is hardly to be credited. What shall we say of the presence of ladies in such places? (Oh! cruel curiosity!)

Example, it is admitted, is more prevalent than precept; and it is much to be feared that such disgraceful scenes may prove injurious to society, by rendering the heart callous to better feelings.

JACOBUS.

### THE OLD DOG; OR, THE WINTER'S DAY.

(For the Mirror.)

LAY down old dog, the winter's day  
Forbids thy hobbling feet to stray:

The wind roars far and wide—  
The streets are wet—the roads are bad—  
And thou for clothes but thinly clad,  
Lay down by the fire-side.

'Tis true we've trudg'd some years together,  
Like friends, defying wind or weather,  
But then, 'twas *Spring's green age*!  
O'er hills and fields we have walked or run;  
But now our labour's nearly done,  
We are going to quit the stage.

Yet we have seen strange things and ways  
To strike beholders with amaze;  
And what strange times can do!  
We have seen too oft, both ups and downs,  
Some men got shot, and others crows,  
To scare both me and you.

Then we have witness'd here and there  
What bold faced knaves and villains dare,  
And priestcraft can exhibit :  
Seen bullies burk down modest merit,  
And fawning creatures live in credit  
That would disgrace a gibbet.

Nay more—we've known, both you and I,  
Protected cowards give the lie,  
Who trembled while they spoke ;  
Have seen hypocrisy look big  
Beneath a star and powdered wig,  
And virtue deemed a joke !

Then we have lived (nor lived for nought)  
To see proud pomp by feathers caught,  
And vice in coaches roll :  
Seen honesty kicked out of doors—  
Seen pensions gave to pimps and ———  
And panders pawn their souls !

But where, friend *Lion*, have we got ?  
On the rag-worn-out murmuring trot !  
Like crooners, never still.  
This thing or that will bring to view  
A bone for all the grumbling crew,  
Let fools say what they will.

Well ! be it so : still thou, old dog,  
In sun-warmed days shall with me jog.

Thou' almost blind and grey !  
The task shall now devolve on me,  
To do those traits of love for thee  
Thou did'st in *Life's young day*.

UTOPIA.

## RURAL LIFE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In the present rage for writing and reading *Tours—Travels—Narratives*, and such like productions—perhaps the following journal, of ten days spent at my country friends lately, may not be deemed unworthy of perusal, especially by those of your numerous readers, who, during this fine season, feel a great inclination for, but have little idea of what *rural life* is.

First day, Saw the neck of two fowls twisted, and then held by the feet till dead with convulsions, for next day's dinner.

Second day, Witnessed the operation of nine pigs being ringed ; in accomplishing which, the assistant's hand became horribly lacerated by a bite of one of them.

Third day, Fine sport in fishing, with a poacher's net—not content with a rod and line, but must destroy hundreds for the "*fun of the thing*."

Fourth day, Sold a calf ; and the buyer's most expeditious mode of killing was by suffering it to bleed gradually to death, in order that the meat might be white.

Fifth day, After a sleepless night, the cow roaring and moaning all night for its calf. The only novelty the day produced,

was in drowning kittens, and afterwards placing *ducks' eggs* under a *hen*.

Sixth day, Brought the operator's visit to the piggery.

Seventh day, Being a day of rest, only fifteen visitors called in succession, some to dinner and some to tea.

Eighth day, Parted with a favourite lamb, brought up in the house with the same care and fondness as you would a child ; at the same time ordered a loin of it for next day's dinner.

Ninth day, The only occurrence this day, was in seeing a knife thrust into the throat of an old worn-out boar—the blood carefully preserved for the manufacture of *black puddings* ; and flesh for bacon, for Londoners.

Tenth day, In taking a long promised ride, escaped most providentially being killed, the horse having been stung by a *harvest fly*, kicked the family chaise to atoms, and was consequently obliged to take the ladies home in a conveyance yclept—a *dung cart*.

These are the pleasures of a country life.

I am, your's, respectfully,  
August 11, 1825. G. W.

## RETROSPECTION NOT ALWAYS PLEASING.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—By inserting the following *Essay* in your valuable miscellany you will confer an obligation on your's most respectfully,  
R. W. B.

O memory, thou fond deceiver,  
Still importunate and vain,  
To former joys recurring ever,  
And turning all the past to pain !

GOLDSMITH.

Much has been said by poets and essayists on the *pleasures* of memory, while the painful sensations that frequently arise from a retrospection of the past, have rarely been painted with equal force of colouring or equal truth to nature. This is not adopting the equitable maxim of *Audi alteram partem*. It will readily be conceded that the feelings resulting from the consciousness of a well-spent life must ever be of a pleasing and consolatory kind, but, alas ! who can look back upon the past stages of his existence without discovering indiscretions that might have been avoided, opportunities which might have been improved, vices that have tarnished the purity of his virtues, and joys that have left nothing behind them but the bitter conviction that they are gone, perhaps for ever ! Earthly happiness is but a comparative

good. Consequently, the only legitimate method of ascertaining the real advantages of retrospection, is to contrast present circumstances with past. And let us begin with the spring of life, the season when the soul may be said to put forth its blossoms, when reason begins to assume its province, and mind to assert its rights. What are the feelings of the school-boy as he cons his heavy task? Is there a soothing power in the recollections that weigh upon his heart? Assuredly not. Nursling of hope, the past seldom mingles with his reveries; if, however, memory should intrude, it recalls with painful accuracy the pleasures of the last vacation, compares the freedom from care and confinement which he then enjoyed with existing privations and present restraints, and far from being a source of consolation, it adds tenfold poignancy to his griefs.

Let us proceed a step further, and contemplate the human blossom in its expanded state, at the period when

"Life's gay fire,

"Sparkles, burns bright, and flames in fierce desire."

It is a melancholy fact, that the further we advance in the career of life, the more thorny becomes the path. Infancy and boyhood have fewer, or at least, more trivial causes of infelicity than the succeeding stages of existence. An accumulation of years is too often accompanied by an accumulation of sorrows. Childhood and youth have their respective cares, but those cares are frequently rather imaginary than real, limited in their duration, and restricted in their influence to the immediate subjects of them. But how different is it in the more advanced period of manhood. The important relations of husband and father have doubtless many charms attached to them; but, alas! those charms are generally counterbalanced by the additional duties imposed upon the mind. A father cannot wrap himself up in the selfish consideration that no misfortunes can affect him but those of which he may be the direct object. His connections are near to him and dear to him; they are members of the same body. Consequently, the distresses by which they are assailed must necessarily extend to him their contagious influence. Well then may he regret in the hour of adversity the loss of that "sunshine of the breast," that buoyancy of spirit which characterised his boyhood, and enabled him to bear its petty afflictions with light-hearted resignation. Well may he sigh for those halcyon days, when his joys were not embittered by the

anticipation of approaching evil, when his cares were trifling and transient, and produced merely by the casualties and changes of his own being. In manhood such reflections must too frequently attend the exercise of the retrospective faculty.

Nor does the case vary in old age when man is declining into the vale of years. The same causes of regret still operate; to which perhaps is added the recollection of some bright unclouded hours, which, like the verdant oases in the wilds of Africa, shed a cheering influence over the desert of life, and teach us for a while to forget the perils that surround us. Finally, in every stage of our mortal pilgrimage, the remembrance of opportunities neglected,—indiscretions committed,—joys departed,—and cares, perchance, needlessly contracted, must ever be a sad drawback upon the pleasures of memory. In conclusion it may be observed that if memory sometimes imparts consolation, it as frequently awakens regret; and, therefore, that a retrospect of the past is less calculated to soothe the mind than a contemplation of the future.

R. W. BAKER.

*Norwich.*

#### A FRAGMENT,

TRANSLATED FROM AN ITALIAN M.S. POEM, BY  
MISS K. THOMPSON.

(For the Mirror.)

I saw her—she was happy. On her brow,  
Radiant with hope, and dreams of fairy bright-  
ness,

Young Joy's own image sat;—and there did  
beam

Around her lips a smile—Ah! such a smile,  
Speaking of such supreme felicity,  
That you would think the heart which sent it  
there

Had heaven in it, and that its buoyant lightness  
Had scarcely power to heave the happy breast  
It beat against. And I did mark

The lamp of gladness that came beaming from  
Her dark and laughing eye. I saw that glance  
Shining the planet of internal peace:

Oh! such a glance of speaking happiness,  
That joy might light a thousand tapers there.—

Again I passed her; on her faded cheek  
Sat sorrow—bitter sorrow. The fair smile  
Of cheerful beauty lingered there no more,  
And all that spoke of happiness was fled.—  
Quenched was the lustre of that sunny eye,  
For grief had waved her murky banners there;  
And all that once so joyous did appear  
A wasted wreck now met me.—Why was it so?  
Go ask the grave of Love.

## SOLITUDE.

*(For the Mirror.)*

Sweet the first peepings of the opening day  
To him who watchful waits the approach of  
morn;  
Sweet the soft notes of Philomela's lay,  
She charms the night upon the whitening  
thorn.

The balm of sleep is sweet to weary eyes,  
And cooling draughts to raging thirst are sweet;  
Sweet from pale sickness' couch in health to  
rise,  
And sweet the hour when friends long absent  
meet.

The melting kiss to lovers' lips is sweet,  
And sweet the hope the martyr's breast that  
warms.

Oh, Sympathy! thy glistering tear how bright!  
And Melody, how sweet thy magic charms!

Thou' sweet are these—yet sweeter far to me  
Is lovely Solitude's enchanting bower;  
The world's foul discord how I love to flee,  
And calm repose find in her peaceful power.

Here as I lay me on her mossy bed,  
And distant view the world's tumultuous strife,  
To happier scenes by contemplation led,  
Retirement shields me from the ills of life.

W. J.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### THE BATTLE OF BAYONNE.

Two of the most severe engagements during the whole Peninsular war took place after the peace of 1814 had been concluded, owing to the armies on the Spanish frontier not being *officially* apprised of it; we allude to a sortie made by the French garrison at Bayonne when a part of our army besieged it, and the battle of Thoulouse. The governor-general Thouvenot had been told that peace was concluded, but he would not believe it, and at three o'clock in the morning made a sortie on our camp, which is thus well described in an article entitled the *Subaltern*, in the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Immediately on the alarm being given, Sir John Hope, attended by a single aide-de-camp, rode to the front. Thither also flew Generals Hay, Stopford, and Bradford, whilst the various brigades hurried after them, at as quick a pace as the pitchy darkness of the night, and the rugged and broken nature of the ground would permit. Behind them, and on either hand, as they moved, the deepest and most impervious gloom prevailed; but the horizon before them was one blaze of light. I have listened to a good deal of heavy firing in my day; but a more

uninterrupted roar of artillery and musketry than was now going on, I hardly recollect to have witnessed.

As the attacking party amounted to five or six thousand men, and the force opposed to them fell somewhat short of one thousand, the latter were, of course, losing ground rapidly. The blue house was carried; the high road, and several lanes that ran parallel with it, were in possession of the enemy; the village of St. Etienne swarmed with them; when Sir John Hope arrived at the entrance of a hollow road, for the defence of which a strong party had been allotted. The defenders were in full retreat. "Why do you move in that direction?" cried he, as he rode up. "The enemy are yonder, Sir," was the reply. "Well then, we must drive them back—come on." So saying, the general spurred his horse. A dense mass of French soldiers was before him; they fired, and his horse fell dead. The British picquet, alarmed at the fall of the general, fled; and Sir John, being a heavy man,—being besides severely wounded in two places, and having one of his legs crushed beneath his horse, lay powerless, and at the mercy of the assailants. His aid-de-camp, having vainly endeavoured to release him, was urged by Sir John himself to leave him; and the French pressing on, our gallant leader was made prisoner, and sent bleeding within the walls.

Of this sad catastrophe none of the troops were at all aware, except those in whose immediate presence it occurred. The rest found ample employment both for head and hand, in driving back the enemy from their conquests, and in bringing succour to their comrades, whose unceasing fire gave evidence that they still held out in the church of St. Etienne. Towards that point a determined rush was made. The French thronged the street and church-yard, and plied our people with grape and canister from their own captured gun; but the struggle soon became more close and more ferocious. Bayonets, sabres, the butts of muskets, were in full play; and the street was again cleared, the barricade recovered, and the gun re-taken. But they were not long retained. A fresh charge was made by increased numbers from the citadel, and our men were again driven back. Numbers threw themselves into the church as they passed, among whom was General Hay; whilst the rest gradually retired till reinforcements came up, when they resumed the offensive, and with the most perfect success. Thus was the street of St. Etienne, and the field-piece at its extremity, alternately in



possession of the French and allies; the latter being taken and retaken no fewer than nine times, between the hours of three and seven in the morning.

Nor was the action less sanguinary in other parts of the field. Along the sides of the various glens, in the hollow ways, through the trenches, and over the barricades, the most deadly strife was carried on. At one moment, the enemy appeared to carry every thing before them; at another, they were checked, broken, and dispersed by a charge from some battalions of the guards; but the darkness was so great that confusion everywhere prevailed, nor could it be ascertained, with any degree of accuracy, how matters would terminate. Day at length began to dawn, and a scene was presented of absolute disorder and horrible carnage. Not only were the various regiments of each brigade separated and dispersed, but the regiments themselves were split up into little parties, each of which was warmly and closely engaged with a similar party of the enemy. In almost every direction, too, our men were gaining ground. The French had gradually retrograded; till now they maintained a broken and irregular line, through the church-yard, and along the ridge of a hill, which formed a sort of natural crest to the glacis. One regiment of guards, which had retained its order, perceiving this, made ready to complete the defeat. They pushed forward in fine array with the bayonet, and dreadful was the slaughter which took place ere the confused mass of fugitives were sheltered within their own gates. In like manner, a dash was made against those who still maintained themselves behind the church-yard wall; and they, too, with difficulty escaped into the redoubt.

A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen; on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand: and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St. Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artilleryman had fallen across it, with a fuse in his hand. There he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fuse in his grasp. The muzzle and breach of the gun were smeared with blood and brains; and beside them were

several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewn about. Among the number of killed on our side was General Hay: he was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous; in a word, it was one of the most-hard fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace.

A truce being concluded between General Colville, who succeeded to the command of the besieging army, and the Governor of Bayonne, the whole of the 16th was spent in burying the dead. Holes were dug for them in various places, and they were thrown in, not without sorrow and lamentations, but with very little ceremony. In collecting them together, various living men were found, sadly mangled, and hardly distinguishable from their slaughtered comrades. These were, of course, removed to the hospitals, where every care was taken of them; but not a few perished from loss of blood ere assistance arrived. It was remarked, likewise, by the medical attendants, that a greater proportion of incurable wounds were inflicted this night than they remembered to have seen. Many had received bayonet-thrusts in vital parts; one man, I recollect, whose eyes were both torn from their sockets, and hung over his cheeks; whilst several were cut in two by round shot, which had passed through their bellies, and still left them breathing. The hospitals accordingly presented sad spectacles, whilst the shrieks and groans of the inmates acted with no more cheering effect upon the sense of hearing, than their disfigured countenances and mangled forms acted upon the sense of sight.

#### THE SORROWS OF A DONKEY.

I AM the most unfortunate of an unfortunate race. The most wretched of the wretched who have no rest for the soles of their feet. Mistake me not—I am no Jew—would I were but the meanest amongst the Hebrews!—but my unhappy, despised generation labours under a stern, though a similar curse. We are a proverb and a bye-word—a mark for derision and scorn, even to the vilest of those scattered Israelites. We are sold into tenfold bondage and persecution. We are delivered over to slavery and to poverty—we are visited with numberless stripes—



No, tender-hearted Man of Dramber! we are not what thy sparkling eyes would seem to anticipate—we are, alas! no negroes—it were a merciful fate to us to be but Blackamoors. *They* have their matches of rest and of joy even—their tabors, and pipes, and cymbals—we have neither song nor dance—misery alone is our portion—pain is in all our joints—and on our bosoms, and all about us, sits everlasting *shagreen*.—Dost thou not, by this time, guess at my tribe?—

Dost thou not suspect my ears?

I am, indeed, as thou discernest, an inferior horse—a Jerusalem colt; but why should I blush to “write myself down an ass?” My ancestors at least were free, and inhabited the desert!—My forefathers were noble—though it must rob our patriarchs of some of their immortal bliss, if they can look down from their lower Indian heaven on their abject posterity!

Fate—I know not whether kindly or unkindly—has cast my lot upon the coast. I have heard there are some of my race who draw in sand-carts, and carry panniers, and are addressed by those Coptic vagabonds, the Gypsies—but I can conceive no oppressions greater than mine.—I can dream of no fardels more intolerable than those I bear; but think, rather with envy, of the passiveness of a pair of panniers, compared to the living burdens which gall and fret me by their continual efforts. A sand-bag might be afflictive, from its weight—but it could not kick with it, like a young lady. I should fear no stripes—from a basket of apples. A load of green peas could not tear my tongue by tugging at my eternal bridle. All these are circumstances of my hourly afflictions—when I am toiling along the beach—the most abject, and starved, and wretched of our sea-roamers—with one, or perhaps three, of my master’s cruel customers, sitting upon my painful back. It may chance, for this ride, that I have been ravished from a hasty breakfast—full of hunger and wind—having at six o’clock suckled a pair of young ladies, in decline—my own unweaned shaggy foal remaining all the time un nourished (think of that, mothers!) in his sorry stable. It is generally for some child or children that I am saddled thus early—for urchins fresh from the brine, full of spirits and mischief—would to Providence it might please Mrs. D——, the dipper, to suffocate the shrieking imps in their noisy immersion! The sands are allowed to be excellent for a gallop—but for the sake of the clatter, these infant demons prefer the shingles; and on this horrible footing

I am raced up and down, till I can barely lift a leg. A brawny Scotch nursery wench, therefore, with sinews made all the more vigorous by the shrewd bracing sea air, lays lustily on my haunches with a toy whip—no toy, however, in her pitiless “red right hand;” and when she is tired of the exercise, I am made over to the next comer. This is probably the Master Buckle—and what hath my young cock, but a pair of artificial spurs—or huge corking-pins stuck at his abominable heels.—No

—gentle knight comes *pricking* over the plain.—

I am now treated, of course, like a cockchafer—and endeavour to rid myself of my tormentor; but the bruteling, to his infernal praise, is an excellent rider. At last the contrivance is espied, and my jockey drawn off by his considerate parent—not as the excellent Mr. Thomas Day would advise, with a Christian lecture on his cruelty—but with an admonition on the danger of his neck. His mother, too, kisses him in a frenzy of tenderness at his escape—and I am discharged with a character of spitefulness, and obstinacy, and all that is brutal in nature.

A young literary lady—blinded with tears, that make her stumble over the shingles—here approaches, book in hand, and mounts me—with the charitable design, as I hope, of preserving me from a more unkindly rider. And, indeed, when I halt from fatigue, she only strikes me over the crupper, with a volume of Duke Christian of Lunenburg—(a Christian tale to be used so!)—till her concern for the binding of the novel compels her to desist. I am then parted with as incorrigibly lazy, and am mounted in turn by all the stoutest women in Margate, it being their fancy, as they declare, to ride leisurely.

Are these things to be borne?

Conceive me, simply, tottering under the bulk of Miss Wiggins, (who, some aver, is “all soul,” but to me she is all body,) or Miss Huggins—the Prize Giantesses of England; either of them sitting like a personified lumbago on my loins!—Am I a Hindoo tortoise—an Atlas? Sometimes, Heaven forgive me, I think I am an ass to put up with such miseries—dreaming under the impossibility of throwing off my fardels—of ridding myself of myself—or in moments of less impatience, wishing myself to have been created at least an elephant, to bear these young women in their “towers,” as they call them, about the coast.

Did they never read the fable of “*Ass’s Skin*,” under which covering a

princess was once hidden by the malice of fairy Fate? If they have, it might inspire them with a tender shrinking and misgiving, lest, under our hapless shape, they should, peradventure, be oppressing and crushing some once dear relative or bosom-friend, some youthful intimate or school-fellow, bound to them, perhaps, by a mutual vow of eternal affection. Some of us, moreover, have titles which might deter a modest mind from degrading us. Who would think of riding, much less of flagellating the beautiful Duchess—or only a namesake of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire? Who would think of wounding through our sides the tender nature of the Lady Jane Grey? Who would care to goad Lord Wellington, or Nelson, or Duncan?—and yet these illustrious titles are all worn—by my melancholy brethren. There is scarcely a distinguished family in the peerage—but hath an ass of their name.

Let my oppressors think of this and mount modestly, and let them use me—a female—tenderly, for the credit of their own feminine nature. Am I not capable, like them, of pain and fatigue—of hunger and thirst? Have I, forsooth, no rheumatic aches—no cholics and windy spasms, or stitches in the side—no vertiges—no asthma—no feebleness or hystericks—no colds on the lungs? It would be but reasonable to presume I had all these, for my stable is bleak and damp—my water brackish and my food scanty—for my master is a Caledonian, and starves me—I am almost one of those Scotch asses that “live upon a brae!”

Will you mention these things, honourable and humane Sir,\* in your place in Parliament?

Friends of humanity!—Eschewers of West Indian sugar!—Patrons of black drudges—pity also the brown and grizzle-grey! Suffer no sand—that hath been dragged by the afflicted donkey. Consume not the pannier-potato—that hath helped to overburthen the miserable ass! Do not ride on us, or drive us—or mingle with those who do. Die conscientiously of declines—and spare the consumption of our family milk. Think of our babes, and of our backs. Remember our manifold sufferings, and our meek resignation—our life-long martyrdom, and our mild martyr-like endurance. Think of the “languid patience” in our physiognomy!

I have heard of a certain French Metropolitan, who declared that the most afflicted and patient of animals was “de Job-horse:”—but surely he ought to

\* Mr. Martin is the gentleman addressed, we presume.

have applied to our race the attributes and the name of the man of Uz!

*London Magazine.*

## The Selector;

OR,

### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

#### ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

THE following observations and recipes are from an excellent work, just published, entitled, *The Art of Preserving the Hair* :—

##### COLOUR OF THE HAIR.

WE think that the most useful hints on this subject may be derived from the scientific modes of dyeing woollens and silks of a black colour, as both of these are animal substances of similar chemical composition to the hair. We should recommend, therefore, to procure from the dyers a quantity of walnut water, which is prepared by steeping for a year in water the green shells of walnuts, and with this to wash the hair, as the first part of the process: then to make an aromatic tincture of galls, by scenting the common tincture with any agreeable perfume, and with this to wet the hair, which must next be moistened with a strong solution of sulphate of iron.

If this be properly done, we have no doubt that it will tinge the hair black or dark; but care must be taken not to let any of the substances touch the skin or the linen, as they will have a similar effect on these. It is most absurd, indeed, to pretend that any preparation will dye the hair and not tinge the skin, if applied to it; for the skin being of precisely the same chemical composition with the hair, it must be affected by the same chemical agents. The advertised nostrums, therefore, which are said to dye the hair, and not to discolour the skin or soil the linen, must be a gross imposition on the public.

##### CLEANING THE HAIR.

WHEN the hair becomes greasy and dirty, it ought to be washed with warm (not too warm) soft water and soap; an operation which is very requisite when pomatums and hair oils are much used, as they are apt to combine with the scales which are always coming off from the skin, and form a thick crust very detrimental to the gloss and beauty of the hair.

Frequent cutting of the hair is of advantage to the eyes, the ears, and, indeed,

to the whole body; in like manner, the daily washing of the head with cold water is an excellent remedy against periodical head-aches. In *corysas*, or defluxions of the humours from the head, and in weak eyes, the shaving of the head often affords immediate relief, while, at the same time, it opens the pores, and promotes perspiration. It is altogether a mistaken idea, that there is a danger of catching cold from the practice of washing the head, or leaving it exposed to the free air after having been washed. The more frequently the surface is cleansed of acrobatic and scaly impurities, the more easy and comfortable we feel.

Should any of our readers, however, be prejudiced against washing the hair, we would recommend it to be cleaned by means of a brush moistened with hartshorn, or rather with hartshorn to which one-half or two-thirds of soft water has been added. This will combine at once with all greasy or oily substances, form a kind of soap, and cleanse the hair more completely than even water will do.

After washing the hair or cleansing it in the way just directed, it will be necessary to use some of the following oils, as, by being deprived altogether of its natural oil, it will without this be left feeble and lank; whereas the fresh oil will give it a body, and impart a gloss as fine as the particular sort of hair operated upon is capable of receiving. In this case, the soap is not so good as oil for imparting a fine gloss.

#### OILS FOR THE HAIR.

**Imperial Oil.**—Take a gallon of salad oil, and put it into a pipkin, with a bag containing four ounces of alkanet root, cut and bruised. Give the whole a good heat, but not a boiling one, until the oil is completely impregnated with the red colour; then pour the whole into a jar, let it stand till cold, and then add four ounces of essence of bergamot, four ounces of oil of jasmine, and three ounces of *eau des mille fleurs*. When properly mixed, put the compound liquid into small bottles for use.

**Macassar Oil.**—The following is given in some late works as the genuine receipt for this oil:—Take a pound of olive oil, coloured with alkanet root, and add to it one drachm of the oil of origanum. It may be remarked, that olive oil is an excellent basis for hair oil, and it is also the most economical; for a thin, stale, olive oil, at ten shillings a gallon, will do equally well as a superior oil at fourteen shillings the gallon, because the powerful odour of the perfumes takes off or destroys any disagreeable smell peculiar to

stale and thin olive oil. When you have mixed your perfume with it, you must shake the bottle in which it is contained, twice a day, for at least one week.

Another way of giving the hair a beautiful gloss is, by means of soap, which, in the case of hair that is apt to be greasy, is better than any sort of oil, as it moistens without matting it, as oil in those cases usually does; if it is not put on in too great quantity. The best preparation of this kind is the

**Essence of Soap.**—Put two pounds of good common soap, cut small, into three pints of spirit of wine, with eight ounces of potash, and melt the whole in a hot-water bath, stirring it the while with a glass rod or wooden spatula. When it is thoroughly melted, leave it to settle, pour off the liquor clear, and perfume it with any fragrant essence you please.

Or you may mix together equal parts of essence of violets, jasmine, orange flowers, and ambrette, with half the quantity of vanilla and tuberose. Mix with these rose and orange flower water, so as to form in all about three pints of liquid, in which dissolve, as in the first case, two pounds of good soap sliced, eight ounces of potash, and proceed as before. Add some drops of essence of amber, musk, vanilla, and neroli, to make it more agreeable.

#### CURLING OF THE HAIR.

The stronger hair is, the more easy it is to be brought into curl, and the longer also it will remain curled; because, when it is weak and lank, it appears to be more elastic than when it is stronger. Hair also which is weak and dry at the same time, which frequently happens to be the case, as well as hair which has a tendency to be greasy, will not take nor keep curling well. The processes of cleaning the hair above directed, particularly that in which we have recommended the use of hartshorn, will be found to promote the tendency of the hair to curl, and also to retain the curls which have been formed.

The liquids which are sold for the professed purpose of assisting in the curling of the hair, are chiefly composed of either oily or alkaline substances; and perhaps you will find that the essence of soap, for which we have given the receipt above, is as good as any other. Any combination of potash or hartshorn with some of the aromatic oils, will answer every purpose of the most expensive curling fluid.

Oils, if not put on too copiously, for this will destroy the effect intended, are the best preparations for keeping in the curls during moist or damp weather, or in ball-rooms and theatres, where they are

exposed to moisture from perspiration and from the breath; because oil, when spread over the hair, prevents it from imbibing moisture, which will infallibly cause it to lose curl.

### THE CROSS.—CRUCIFIXIONS.

THE Cross appears to have been used as a very general instrument of punishment among various nations, from the earliest times of which we have any record. The "hanging on a tree," in Scripture, has been interpreted by many commentators of crucifixion; although, again, others have believed that the Cross was unknown among the Jews till the time of Alexander Jannæus, when the word "crucify" is expressly used by Josephus. In Thucydides, we read of Inarus, an African king, who was crucified by the Egyptians. The similar fate of Polycrites, who suffered under the Persians, is detailed by Herodotus; who adds also, that no less than 3,000 persons were condemned to the Cross by Darius, after his successful siege of Babylon. Valerius Maximus makes crucifixion the common military punishment of the Carthaginians. That the Greeks adopted it is plain, from the cruel executions which Alexander ordered after the capture of Tyre, when 2,000 of the captured sufferers were nailed to crosses along the sea shore. With the Romans it was used under their early monarchical government, and it was the death to which Horatius was adjudged, and by which he ought to have suffered for the stern and savage murder of his sister. Though originally a punishment extending indiscriminately to every rank, it latterly, at least among the Romans, became the most dishonourable of all deaths, and was confined principally to the lowest orders and to slaves.

Before the sufferer was exposed upon the Cross, it was customary to scourge him; and the column to which our Saviour was fastened during this cruel infliction, is stated by St. Jerome to have existed in his time in the portico of the Holy Sepulchre, and to have retained marks of the blood of our Lord. Bede places this column within the church, where we believe it is still shown, and Gregory of Tours dilates on the miracles wrought by it. The criminal carried the instrument of his punishment, or, most probably, only the transverse part of it, to the place of execution. Here he was fastened naked upon the Cross (which occasionally was not raised from the ground till after his affixion), by cords, or, more frequently, by nails (and sometimes by both), driven through the hands and feet.

The number of nails by which our Saviour was thus fastened, has been a subject of very learned dispute. Neumes affirms that three only were used, both feet having been confined by the same. Nicolaus Toutanus, a physician, to whom the question as to the capability of the hands to support the weight was proposed, decided in the affirmative, upon experiment.

The Martyrologies are full of extraordinary relations of the length of time during which some of those condemned to the tortures of the Cross have continued to endure them, before they were released by death from their pangs. St. Andrew is said to have remained alive two days. Victorinus, who was crucified with his head downwards, under the reign of Nerva, for three; and Timotheus and Maurus, no less than nine; a marvel which it is scarcely possible to exceed. Some who have been taken down while yet alive, are said to have recovered. Josephus mentions, that such was the case with one out of three of his friends, whose release he obtained from Titus.

At length, in the reign of Constantine, this horrible punishment was abolished in the Roman world. *Postquam Vitam ipsam interfecit non diu illi vita*, is the no less untrue than the quibbling observation of Lipsius, for more than three centuries had then elapsed since the death of our Saviour. The edict of Constantine for the suppression of the Cross, is attributed to the holy vision which preceded his engagement with Maxentius, and henceforward that instrument, which had proverbially betokened infamy, was exalted on the standard by which the warriors of the empire were wont to rally on the field of glory, and became the symbol of military honour in the Labarum.

*Encyclopædia Metropolitana.*

### Select Biography.

No. XXXI.

#### THE EMPECINADO, DON JUAN MARTIN DIEZ.

THE Nero of the present age, Ferdinand VII. king of Spain, who has all the cruelty of the Roman Emperor, without his courage has recently added to the long list of his victims by the execution of an individual, the Empecinado, to whom he was more indebted than to any single person for the throne on which he is seated. A feeling of horror and indignation at the barbarous manner in which the brave Empecinado has been put to death universally prevails, if we except

Spain, which from a brave and generous nation has sunk into a state of the most cowardly apathy or despair. In the war of independence, the Empecinado particularly distinguished himself, and his talents as well as his melancholy death are such as we are sure will render a memoir of him acceptable to our readers. The Empecinado was one of the first Guerilla chiefs, who raised the standard of opposition to the French, and in the province of Guadalajara early took the field with a small band, chiefly composed of men of his own occupation, over whom he had ascendancy. This party, accustomed to every kind of hardship and privation, was extremely useful, being always out in the country, cutting off the enemy's communications.

John Martin Díez was born in September, 1775, in the town of Castrillo de Duero, near Valladolid, in Old Castile. His parents, John and Lucy, were respected peasants, descended from persons of the same class; and John Martin, from his infancy, seemed destined to pursue the same course of life as his forefathers. By labouring in the fields he acquired great bodily strength, and gave early proof of the desire he felt to employ it in the service of his country; for, before he had attained his sixteenth year, he ran away from his family and enlisted. He was, however, discharged, at the earnest entreaties of his parents, upon the fair plea of his being under age.

His father, it seems, died at the very moment that war was proclaimed against France, at the commencement of the French Revolution. John Martin, following the dictates of his heart, resolved to be a soldier, and instantly volunteered his services during the term of the war. He was admitted as a private into the regiment of *Dragoons of Spain*, in which he served until the peace; and was always distinguished for his gallantry in the field, and for his subordination and regularity in quarters.

At the close of the war he was discharged and returned to his home: soon after, he married Catalina de la Fuente, and went to live in the town of Fuentecén, two leagues from Castrillo, and there resumed the labours of the field.

When Napoleon, under the insidious pretext of being the ally of Spain, was meditating its subjugation, Martin openly declared that the French troops ought to be considered as enemies; and when he was told that king Ferdinand had passed through Aranda de Duero, he exclaimed, "the French are an infamous people; Napoleon is the worst among them; and if Ferdinand once enters France he will

never get out of it until we go and fetch him."

This spirited conduct and correct opinion seemed to portend that he was one of those Spaniards destined by Providence to espouse the cause of his country, to defend her, and to free her from the slavery with which she was threatened by the despot of France.

The instant it was known that King Ferdinand was at Bayonne, the Empecinado determined to make war against the French, and at the close of the month of March, having persuaded two of his neighbours to accompany him, he took the field, and thus most justly acquired the title of the *first proclaimer of national liberty*. One of his two companions was a boy of sixteen years old, Juan Garcia, of the town of Cuevas, near to Castrillo.

He took post upon the high road from France to Madrid, close to the village of Onrubia, four leagues from Aranda de Duero, conceiving this spot well calculated for the purpose of intercepting the French couriers. In a few hours he got possession of the correspondence of a courier, who escaped only by the fleetness of his horse, but who left behind him the guide and letter bags.

A few days afterwards he intercepted and killed another courier, and thus supplied himself with a horse and arms.

We next find the intrepid chief with twelve or fifteen companions, undertaking the most dashing affairs; and at last he is seen at the head of from 1,500 to 5,000 brave men, facing the strongest columns of the enemy in the field, baffling armies sent to surround him, shutting up garisons, and cutting off supplies, by an activity which seemed to quadruple his force, and make the name of Empecinado a shield to the people, and a terror to their invaders.

During the months of May, June, and July, 1808, the enemy was harassed or attacked by these gallant men amounting now to twelve in number. There is no doubt but that, in the course of these three months, above 600 Frenchmen were put to death by Martin and his gallant comrades. They could give no quarter, as there was no dépôt to which prisoners could be sent. In one day alone, in the beginning of June, ten sergeants and eighty-three soldiers fell by the hands of these patriots, who were often much assisted by the peasants, who, though unarmed, helped to intimidate (by appearing in bodies) and were not backward in assisting to destroy the stragglers.

Amongst the early and bold operations of this chief, one in particular deserves notice, the capture of a convoy, in which

was a carriage conveying a female relation or friend of Marshal Moncey. This coach was escorted by twelve soldiers; in the centre of two columns of six thousand men each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado with eight of his people was concealed close to the town of Caravias. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy; put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage; and when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, and he effectually eluded the long and strict search which was made after him. He was only able to save the life of one of the men-servants and of the lady, whom he not only saved, but as she was with child, he sent her to his own house that she might receive care and attention. The convoy turned out a prize of great value: it consisted of money, some jewels, and a variety of ornamental trinkets for women, military effects, such as officers' epaulets, gold and silver lace, and sword blades. Martin divided a great portion of these things amongst his men; he took a share himself; but he reserved for the government the principal part, which he placed at the disposal of General Cuesta, in Salamanca; thus giving an unequivocal proof of his disinterested feelings, for an order had been issued by the government (the central Junta,) that every thing taken from the enemy by the patriot parties should exclusively belong to them.

On the retreat of the French beyond the Ebro, the Empecinado and his men particularly distinguished themselves. They frequently co-operated with our own divisions, and the name of this bold and persevering patriot was repeatedly mentioned in the public despatches of the day.

The virtue the French could not conquer in the Empecinado; they tried to corrupt, and employed a renegade Spaniard, General Hugo, to invite him over to the side of King Joseph. To this proposition the Empecinado sent the following answer:—

SIR,—I value as I ought the opinion you have formed of me; I have formed a very bad one of you: nevertheless, if you sincerely repent your atrocities, and, tired of being a slave, you wish to recover your liberty in the service of a free nation, valiant as she is generous, the Empecinado offers you his protection.

That Massena and his army surrendered on the 4th of November last would seem to admit of no doubt; but allowing it to be untrue, certain it is that if he has not already perished he will soon be destroyed;

for fortune his mother has for a long time turned her back upon him.

There is little doubt that the actual state of things must soon terminate, for it appears that all the nations of Europe are combined against the French: however, without that circumstance, Spain has always had, and now particularly has, more force, energy, and constancy, than are required merely to humble the legions of your king.

Corrupt and venal men alone can find in your Joseph the First *King of Madrid*! those qualities which you suppose him to have—if he be so good a man, why does he commit and suffer to be committed such atrocities? a proud and perfidious usurper can never be a good man! the Spaniards who take part with the brother of Napoleon must be very few; but if there were many, they must always be the vilest and most detestable: the sound part of the nation, which is the great majority, and which constitutes her strength, abhors and detests even the very name of a Frenchman.

I am quite astonished at your holding out and breathing sentiments of humanity! Publish your *humanity* at Guadalaxara, Sigüenza, Huete, Cefuentes, Frillo, Douon, Ita, in the towns of the valleys, in short in every village and spot that has had the misfortune to be visited by either you or your soldiers! will they believe you? and I who have witnessed your *deeds*, how am I to credit your *words*?

In vain do you labour if you think to dissuade either me or any of my soldiers from our honourable undertaking; be well assured, that so long as one single soldier of mine is alive, the war will be carried on; they have all, in imitation of their chief, sworn eternal war against Napoleon and those vile slaves who follow him. If you please you may tell your king and your brethren in arms, that the Empecinado and his troops will die in defence of their country.

They never can unite themselves to men debased, without honour, without faith, and without religion of any kind! Be good enough to cease to write to me.

I am the Empecinado.

The Empecinado had, as might be expected from his daring courage, many hair-breadth escapes. On one occasion when he had got a respectable force, he singled out the French commandant and they engaged, the Frenchman wounded the Empecinado by a thrust of the sword, which ran through his arm and penetrated into his side. This seemed but to increase his courage and double his exertions; he avoided another blow, seized



the French commander by the neck, dragged him off his horse, fell with him, but kept the upper hand: both were disarmed and struggled violently: the Frenchman would not surrender; the Empecinado collared him with one hand and with the other snatched up a stone and put him to death.

On another occasion the enemy advanced against Sigüenza, but our chief beat them back to Mirabueno, where they were re-inforced; and next day they marched again upon Sigüenza. An action commenced upon the heights of Rebollar, and a heavy column of cavalry, profiting by a momentary confusion in a part of the line of Spanish infantry, made a desperate charge and took above one thousand prisoners. Our chief was not in that part of the line where this occurred, but immediately repaired to it in the hope of remedying the evil, when he was recognised by the persecuted corps of Spaniards under the orders of the infamous Villagarcía, who rushed upon him, and he was only able to save himself by the desperate means of throwing himself down a precipice; preferring even that sort of death to falling into the hands of the renegade Spaniards.

He was saved; but the consequence of his fall was a severe illness, which obliged him to go to Monterigo, *Almadovar*, and *Arocs*, for the recovery of his health. He was driven from one town to the other by the enemy when they discovered where he was; however he escaped their persecution.

Our general was celebrated for taking as bold a part in every enterprise and battle that was fought, as the bravest soldier of his division; and in this affair he gave a signal proof of the attachment he felt for every individual of it: one of his trumpeters, who was made prisoner and was guarded by three dragoons, called out to him, "General, I was once in Joseph's service, they are going to shoot me." He instantly rushed alone upon this party like lightning, and set at liberty the prisoner: two officers of French dragoons, who knew the person of the Empecinado, charged at him; the first who came up he shot dead, and whilst resisting the attack of the other, some of his own soldiers came up, and the second officer shared the fate of his companion.

On the 14th he returned to Guadalupe, and the following day the garrison surrendered to him; on the 16th he took possession of that city, which for three years had been the focus of the banditti who had been persecuting him.

The surrender of this place enabled the Empecinado to equip his corps brilliantly; grenadier caps, accoutrements, caps for

the infantry, clothing; in short, his division put on the appearance of highly dressed soldiers.

The Empecinado's forces did not augment very rapidly, but, slender as they were in numbers, they did good execution; his promotion, however, was rapid enough; he became a brigadier-general of cavalry in the national army, attended the Duke of Wellington to Madrid, and was by him appointed to an important command at Tortosa. After the return of Ferdinand, in 1814, he retired to his home, and chiefly spent his time in domestic pursuits, although distinguished by several marks of special approbation from his sovereign. He did not step forward in public till the revolution of La Isla had been completed, and when, it will be remembered, the King adhered to the Constitution, and solemnly announced this his determination in his memorable Decree of the 9th of March, 1820, addressed to the Authorities and People, and in which he says, "Spaniards! pursue the Constitutional path, and I will be the first to lead you on."

From that time to the late invasion of the French, El Empecinado took no other part in public affairs than as a military commander of a small district, neither his inclination nor the previous education he had received, allowing of any thing more. Again called upon to repel a foreign aggression, he joined the army of General Placencia in Estremadura, acted under his orders, and jointly with him capitulated with the Royalist General Laguna, the French haying at the time no division in that quarter; but this capitulation was sanctioned and confirmed by the Regency, the Supreme Authority, the French themselves had instituted in the country.

After lingering in prison a long time, the sanguinary Ferdinand ordered the gallant Empecinado to an ignominious death.

The pretext on which he was condemned, without, however, having been heard or tried, is the following:—A few weeks before the capitulation, and when the war was carrying on against the French and the Royalist Spaniards, the Empecinado happened to be operating with his division near the town of Caseres, in Estremadura, and had occasion to transmit certain orders to the local authorities of that place, connected with the service, which were not obeyed. Caseres was noted for being favourable to the servile party, with which a clandestine correspondence was there kept up. The Empecinado, finding his orders disobeyed, and the movements of his division consequently paralysed, renewed them, adding, that if they were not immediately carried

into execution, he would chastise the town for its treachery. They were again disregarded, and he marched up before the place. The traitors, in the mean while, had organized a force, which was posted in the advances to the town. The Empecinado's division was attacked, and feeling indignant at the manner in which he was treated, he led his men on, overcame his opponents, and punished the ringleaders for their audacity. This is the crime for which he has suffered, although a solemn capitulation intervened, as well as the lapse of upwards of a year, during which time he has endured all kinds of indignities, even that of being shewn about in an iron cage, like a wild beast! The Empecinado, after the several armies had capitulated, and the Constitution had been put down, retired home, unconscious of having done anything beyond his duty, and provided with a regular discharge and passport from the Royalist Authorities who had succeeded. He was then near the frontiers of Portugal, and had he apprehended any future reproach, flight was open to him.

The following account of the tragical end of this distinguished patriot is furnished by an inhabitant of Rueda, where the unfortunate General was hanged. When he came out of the prison to undergo his punishment, he became violent with rage on finding that it was intended to put him upon an ass. He refused, and walked to the place of execution with great firmness. When he had reached the foot of the gallows, he suddenly made so great an effort, that he burst the cords by which his arms were confined. He then attempted to rush through the line of soldiers who surrounded him, and no doubt he would have escaped if he had been armed; but as it was, he was attacked and beaten down with blows. A rope was then passed round his neck, and the hangman, who was upon the gallows, leaped upon him, and with the assistance of some bystanders put him to death. As this wretch was returning to Valladolid, after the execution, he was welcomed in several villages by the ringing of the bells.

The author of "The Military Exploits of the Empecinado," to which we acknowledge ourselves much indebted for some of the materials of this memoir, gives the following account of the person and character of this brave patriot:—

The Empecinado was a little above the middle stature, with a firmly knit and muscular frame, which indicated a capability of sustaining privation and fatigue: his complexion was dark, his beard strong and of a sable hue, his eyes black, ani-

mated, and sparkling. His mental powers were strong, and calm in acting, and both clear and quick in perceiving. Of this superiority he has given unequivocal proofs in the high military talent he displayed; for he was active, enterprising, judicious, and by his personal example inspired the brave with heroism, and the timid with resolution—in his letters—in his celebrated address to his king—and in the manner in which he bore adversity, calumny, and prosperity. The qualities of his heart were of a corresponding stamp.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

### CHARACTER.

SEE thou thy credit keep;—'tis quickly

gone;  
'Tis gain'd by many actions, but 'tis lost by one.

### EPITAPH.

THE following inscription is on an oval stone monument, against the south wall of St. Mary's Church, Beverley, under two swords crossed:—

"Here two young Danish souldiers lie,  
The one in quarrell chanc'd to die;  
The other's head, by their own law,  
With sword was sever'd at one blow,  
December the 23rd, 1689."

### EPITAPH

On Joan Kitchin, in Bury St. Edmund's Church-yard.

HERE lies Joan Kitchin; when her glass was spent,  
She kick'd up her heels and away she went.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A new Chapter from *Edgar's Common-Place Book*; *Mr. Bloor, on Swimming*; the *History of Music*, and the favours of several Correspondents, in our next.

*Jacobus, Terence, Andrew, Wilhelmina, W. S. and Caution*, have been received, and are under consideration.

*J. R. J. of Reading*, shall be obliged as far as is in our power.

*P. T. W., Mr. Ball, and Macmura*, in an early number.

Our poetical contributors increase beyond all power of gratifying them, unless, instead of a sheet, we printed a volume a week. Childish rhymes on Love, or Addresses to Females, unless of great merit, are inadmissible.

Printed and Published by J. LINDBIRD, 143, Strand (near Somerset House), and sold by all Newsmen and Booksellers.